

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1883.

NO. 163.

The Lintonia running races will begin tomorrow.

JOE RION has bought the Offutt property across Houston, for \$1,800.

WM. MYALL and James McClure killed 75 doves Tuesday afternoon.

STOP at the Arrington House when in Covington attending the Lintonia races.

THE Carrie Stanley troupe is doing up Carlisle, and of course, Green Keller is happy.

TOLLE ARRAHSMITH, of Bethel, assigned to Ches. Craycraft last week. Assets and liabilities not stated.

ADA O. ROBERTSON is running a Fair Daily at Falmouth this week. He'll never want to run another.

Up to Sept. 1st, the K. C. road has made an increased earning of \$27,804.45, against the same time last year.

Z. F. SMITH, Crafts' attorney, has told his client to relinquish all hope, pull off his coat and try to get there!

WATERMELONS are selling at \$1.50 per hundred, at Wilson's Bottom, Mason county—no guine thrown in.

STONER and LIEKING are as dry as a chip in many points—not a drop of water being visible on many rifles.

SEPTEMBER brings a nipping and an eager air. It discourages vegetation. But perhaps the corn will brace up.

The union meetings have closed for the season, and the ministers will fill their respective pulpits Sunday night.

Don't forget the Mayville Fair next week. The railroad gives special rates, and a large crowd and fine show of stock is anticipated.

PROF. YERKES has bought the Hopson property across Houston, for \$4,000, and is erecting a school house in the front yard along the railroad.

GOVERNOR KNOTT offers a reward of \$500 for the capture of Alexander Gillespie and John Gillespie, who are now fugitives from justice, going at large.

THE Carrie Stanley troupe which attempted to perform here during the fair, had to walk the railroad to get away from Catlettsburg, south the Democrat.

THOS. SADDLER, of Nicholas county, became overpowered by gas while cleansing out a well near Blue Licks, and came near dying before he could be rescued.

HAVENLEY'S MINSTRELS played to a crowded hall Wednesday night, and gave a fair entertainment. They left here in a special car the same night for Madison, Ind.

CONSIDERING the fact that Lexington now has forty roasted mules on hand, it would be a good idea for the generous city council to take a barbecue and invite all the poor.

BE careful how you buy your postage stamps. The two-cent stamp will take your letter after October 1st, and there's no provision for the redemption of the three-cent stamps.

SMITH KENNEY raised the finest and largest watermelons brought to town this season, but it takes his friend Lee Penn to raise the fine double cantelopes and other double produce.

THE Bourbon Female College opened with 41 scholars; Mrs. Clay's school, 57; Prof. Young's, 37; Miss Tipton's, 26; Prof. Yerkes, 57; Prof. Fox's, — City school, 119; Visitation Academy, 109.

EIGHT Johnsons, two Smiths, two Allens, three Craigs, two Lanahans, two Neals, two Turners, two Talbotts and about forty other persons are advertised as having letters at the postoffice.

ELLIS CRAFT will swing off at Grayson, the scene of his conviction, on October the 12th, whether or no. The Court of Appeals, the Governor, the lower Court and the people all say that he must go.

THE judge of the Nicholas County Court has made an appropriation of \$1,000 per mile to the Hatfield, or lower route pike from Union to Sharpburg. The parallel opposition route will probably now go by the board.

THE trial of Ben Snelling, for murder, at Owensville, resulted in a hung jury. The trial of Willis North, for the murder of a young girl, the daughter of Powell Ross, near Olympian Springs, commenced Monday evening.

THE total tax valuation of the State for 1883 is \$574,390,098, an increase of \$1,007,650 over last year. This does not include the railroads or the joint stock companies and corporations which report directly to the Auditor.

J. C. FAWCETT, General Manager of the Paris, Frankfort & Georgetown Railroad, was in the city last Friday. A proposition looking to the location of this city, will be submitted to our people in a few days.—(Mt. Sterling Sentinel.)

A ONE-LEGGED Irishman, by the name of Christopher Munday, murdered his wife last week in Lincoln county. He dealt the fatal blows with a little hatchet. When he got through with his hellish work he very properly hung himself.

ONE man got sent up for a year in the Jesamine Criminal Court for stealing a cowhide, another for three years for passing three counterfeit nickels, while two murderers were acquitted. Wonder how much sugar the jury got?

THE body of Wm. Hoover, Jr., the son of Wm. Hoover, Sr., who died and was buried here five years ago, was taken up by his father and sisters and removed to Millersburg, yesterday, and interred on their lot by the side of his mother.

W. A. JOHNSON is going to sue each of the twenty-eight men who got up the "Mercantile Directory," for a balance of \$7 on printing—only \$55 having been paid in all. This action will place the little book-makers low down in the scale of credit when the farmers' little book comes out.

E. B. JANUARY sold his residence yesterday to Miss Ella Corwin, for \$1,700. It cost \$1,275 one year ago.

By accident, Arthur was made President—by accident Prof. Gutzelt was made Chief of our Fire Department.

SCARLET fever has become epidemic at Flemingsburg. Up to this time, there have been ten deaths and fifty cases.

JUDGE LON MANN, of Carlisle, has contracted to build the Summit's Station Turnpike from Mr. Zed Layson's, near Millersburg, to the Col. Lon Metcalf place in Nicholas county, for \$8,000 for the 8½ miles, to be completed by November '84.

THE days are now about one hour shorter than they were on the 21st of June—the decrease being very perceptible in the evenings. After the middle of September the decrease will be equal to about twenty minutes a week until the middle of October.

ADAM GEIS, the boy who fell from the roof of the slaughter house on the Flemingsburg turnpike last Sunday afternoon, had both arms badly sprained but they were not broken.—(Mayville Bulletin.)

That boy was A-dam Geis for getting up there.

MARTIN JACKSON, a young man eighteen years old, was caught between two logs at Plummer's Mill, eight miles east of Flemingsburg, and crushed to death. He was driving a wagon loaded with logs, when one of the wheels broke, letting the load down and catching him between the logs.

TWO LIGHTNING good correspondents from Millersburg, appear with communications in this issue. Hereafter they will contribute regularly—"Brer Bar" in Tuesdays, and "Brer Wolfe" in Fridays' issues. Items left with the postmaster will be handed to either of the correspondents, as their days may demand.

WILLIAM H. COBB, a prominent Knight Templar of Flemingsburg, who made the recent tour of Europe with the Apollo Commandery of Chicago, was thrown from a carriage between Brussels and Waterloo battlefield, and sustained injuries which have resulted in the loss of his right eye. He is still in a critical condition from other wounds.

THE Kentucky Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, is now going on at Cynthiana, and that of the Northern Church at Barboursville on the same day. Bishop Keener will preside over the former, Bishop Foster will preside over the latter. The Louisville Conference of the Southern Church will be held at Hopkinsville September 26th.

Mason County Cow Boys.

THE conduct of several young men coming from the Paris Fair Saturday night was simply outrageous. Gentlemen and ladies were insulted and there seemed no way to prevent it. A lady on the train from Texas said that the cow-boys of the West were high-toned gentlemen compared with the samples of Kentuckians she had met.—(Carlisle Mercu-ry.)

LEXINGTON had a \$40,000 fire at midnight Tuesday night. The street car stables containing 15 cars, 43 mules and three horses were burned—only one poor little mule making its escape. One cottage also, on each side of the stables burned. Insurance on the stables, \$500 each. The stables, cars and stock were insured, but the amount is unknown. The stables were located in the barns, near the race track.

LEWIS HIGGS, a U-d-d Flemingsburg dakey, cut the head of the marshal and opened the nose of the deputy marshal of Flemingsburg, Monday, but was finally jailed without getting shot—as he justly deserved, for resisting the officers in such a manner. He used a corn-knife, and cut the marshal four times—in the head severely, on one cheek, in the side, and on one hand. The prisoner was held to bail in the sum of \$1,000. He has a list of eight names on a piece of paper, and says that he will kill them all. The list includes the County Judge, two doctors, a lawyer, three merchants and a blind woman.

Token of Remembrance to Jas. Stewart.

As a testimonial of friendship and remembrance to their friend James A. Stewart, before leaving for his new home at Wheeling, the following gentlemen presented him with an elegant pair of solid gold sleeve buttons.

PARIS, KY., Sept. 13th, 1883.

MR. JAS. A. STEWART,

Dear Friend:—We learn, with regret, that you are to leave us to make your home elsewhere, and desiring to testify, in a slight way, our high appreciation of you as a true friend and gentleman, we beg you to accept this little present from us—a few of our personal friends. Wishing you God speed, we are your sincere friends,

W. A. Cunningham, Matt Turner, J. M. Jones, F. R. Armstrong, Henry Spears, J. M. Hughes, P. S. Ford, J. T. Vansant, Chas. Offutt, R. K. McCarney, A. J. Lovely, R. J. Neely.

Bartow County Loses a Good and Valuable Citizen.

This week Bartow county, loses one of her most distinguished and useful citizens—Dr. M. S. Browne, who goes to Winchester, Ky. Dr. Browne, as a physician, perhaps, has no superior and, as a skillful surgeon, scarcely has a peer of his age. Many chronic cases, in our midst—of long standing, some bed-ridden for years, which defied the skill of many physicians, have been treated by him with success, and to-day, by their health and vigor, bear testimony to his skill in the healing art. His surgical ability has been called into requisition repeatedly, since his short residence with us, and many of the cases operated upon were those requiring the most intricate knowledge of the science of surgery, and delicate handling of the knife, as Lithotomy, Ovariotomy, &c.

He was a member of the "Kentucky State Medical Society," had the "Ad Eundem" degree in medicine conferred on him by "Belleview Hospital Medical College" in 1874, was elected to permanent membership by "The American Medical Association" at Detroit, Mich., in June of the same year (The youngest man on whom this honor has ever been bestowed—29 yrs.) and the following spring received the degree of "Bachelor of Arts" from the law department of the university of Louisville, Ky. Dr. Browne leaves our county universally beloved and regretted, and we commend him to the highest terms to the citizens of our sister state as a Christian gentleman and distinguished physician. A meeting was held in Cynthiana, Sunday evening expressive of sympathy at the leaving of Dr. Browne.—(Cynthiana (Ga.) Free Press.)

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Advice to the State of Missouri—pull down your Senator Vest.

Two bon-ton weddings will take place in this city, early in October.

—W. A. Parker and son Willie, left yesterday for a visit to relatives in Illinois.

—Mrs. John I. Fisher, of Carlisle, is quite ill at her mother's home at Cane Ridge.

—Wallace Whaley, of Bath county, has gone to Valparaiso, Ind., to attend college.

—Miss Effie Wadell, of Millersburg, has opened a school at Murphysville, Mason county.

—William Lee, of Cincinnati, has sued the Enquirer for \$50,000 damages for libel for calling him a dupe.

—The Johnsons left Wednesday, for Chicago, to work in the office of Lewis Muir for three of four months.

—Elly Caldwell, who has been quite ill with fever, near Moorefield, Nicholas county, is improving slowly.

—Theodore Stuart, late editor of the Mt. Sterling Democrat, is now on the editorial force of the Chicago Herald.

—F. Solomon, of Maysville, has been up here again talking ice. It's a cold subject, but he's trying to heat it hot.

—Miss Pauline Osborne, now in Covington, will leave for Atlanta, Monday, with John A. Miller and wife, of Millersburg.

—Elder Tibbs and family will leave Mt. Sterling next Monday, for Los Angeles, California, for benefit of the Elder's health.

—Don't be suspicious of everybody. The man who is everlastingly looking for evil can find the greatest quantity in his own life.

—Misses Nannie and Carrie McNew, of Carlisle, who attended college here last season, are going to North Middletown this session.

—There are in Richmond fifty old maids and forty-nine bachelors who have passed the thirtieth milestone on the road of life.—(Herald.)

—The Lexington Transcript announces an arrival as "a talented, beautiful and accomplished young lady of high literary attainments."

—Joe Coburn, of Brooksville, passed through here Wednesday, for Philadelphia, where he will attend his second course in medical lectures.

—Miss Mattie Frank McClelland, daughter of Robt. McClelland, Jr., near Millersburg, has entered Visitation Academy at this place as a scholar.

—A chartered car passed through here Wednesday, with the scholars of Nepton High School, Fleming county, bound for the Cincinnati Exposition.

—Judge Charlie Lytle has consented to settle down in Carlisle again, where he proposes to "practice law in earnest," in the dear blissful future.

—The golden wings of love flit quicker 'tho' the air than those of the trembling dove, and can distance the fleetest locomotive.—(From "Oh, how time flies!")

—Judge Lon Mann, of Carlisle, had an extra large cake pan manufactured expressly to make a cake for the entertainment of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, during his recent visit to that place.

—Mark Kehoe representative of Lodge No. 55 Cigar Makers International Union, of Maysville, paid us a call yesterday, while en route to attend the National Convention at Toronto, Canada.

—The Philadelphia dude left here Wednesday, for his home in the East. He wore away the same bangs and red neck-tie with which he dined the entire camp-meeting at Parks' Hill one Sunday.

—The widow and daughter of Stonewall Jackson are in Boston, the guests of Benjamin F. Butler. This is but fair; during the war Mrs. Jackson's husband entertained General Butler several times in very fine style.

—The following young ladies from this place have gone away to college: Miss Jennie Gass, to Bowling Green; the Misses Grimes, to Hamilton college, Lexington; Misses Mary Thomas, Lillie Jones, Sallie Hanson and Annie Croxton, to Harrodsburg.

—A disheartened deacon declares that there is no hope for the salvation of a man who will sit on a picket fence for three hours and a half to see a base ball match, and then refuse to go to church with his wife because "their pews is too confounded uncomfortable."

—Charlie Johnson writes from Newark, Ohio, where he is clerking in a hotel: "Have never received a copy of the News, thought probably you had forgotten me. Got here O. K. This is the place for you—have already had a silk handkerchief given me. Regards to all."

—There are but few young ladies who are plump enough to wear the tight-fitting Jersey jackets which are now being worn so much. Skinny persons shouldn't even look at them. They are all being thrown aside out East, and none but the loose-fitting shop-made jackets are worn.

—Mrs. Hattie Hill left Tuesday for Richmond, Ind., where she will teach a large class in the fine arts. Mrs. Hill is a perfect lady and a thorough teacher in all that she professes—having had the best of European and American advantages. The elite of Richmond should be congratulated upon her accession as a teacher.

—Mrs. Carrie Russell made and presented her father a Christmas gift last winter in way of a Japanese quilt, on the center of which was beautifully wrought in silk floss a whiskey barrel containing his celebrated "Chicken Cook" brand. Her aunt, Miss Kirby White showed the quilt at the recent Bourbon fair and took the premium over a Madison county quilt for which \$300 had been offered and refused.

—SEEMAN was immense last night. He beats Hell or any other magician. He will perform again tomorrow night. Fifty dollars worth of presents given away each night.

—CRADDOCK will find a rich harvest to steal from, in our Millersburg department of this issue. His readers will be fond of old reading when they read the same items next Wednesday.

The Funniest Thing in the World!

"Jim, what makes your hair so red?"

"It ain't red."

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

"I'll tell you—it's just this way: I went in swimming last week, and when I come out I forgot to dry it, and it rusted!"

We heard this gotten off Wednesday night by Haverley's Minstrels, and we'll give our sacred word to it, 600 people laughed so heartily over it that the hall fairly shook. The same ones laughed at it heartier at the two last lectures although it was gotten off by every minstrel troupe and comedy combination that passed through here last winter. For the last three years it has had a big run all over the Union, and for what we know, all of Europe too. The above piece of wit sells for 75 cents when you take a reserve seat, but we give this to our readers free gratis, and 50 cents with it provided it provokes a single smile.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

Lizzie S. will toy with the boys again at Lintonia, next Tuesday.

FOR SALE.—Finest saddle and harness horse in the county. Address, Jas. N. Stone, Little Rock, Ky.

The Lexington races closed Wednesday. Belle of the Highlands, Reverta and Kibacney were the winners.

Russell's Nobby has won five races in the Kentucky circuit this season, and will probably try Maysville next week.

The corn along the Licking bottoms near Falmouth looks as if it had been sealed by hot water—the effects of the recent frosts.

Grat Hanly built fine crops of last year's tobacco from Watt Gay and Bob Owen, at North Middletown, Wednesday, at good prices.

A reliable man has told the News that the recent frosts have seriously damaged all of the standing tobacco in Mason county. He's been there, and knows what he's talking about.

At the Lexington races Tuesday, the attendance was very poor. In the first race pools were: Lizzie S., \$50; field, \$25. Lizzie S. won, Belle of the Highlands second and High-sight third. Fines, 117. Mutuels paid \$5.15.

State Commissioner of Agriculture, says the Kentucky crops have not suffered materially from the frosts. In Central Kentucky the growth has destroyed the grass and the late vegetables, besides injuring the corn and tobacco.

The Kentucky Association won't make over a barrel of money at this meeting, and one cause of this may be attributed to not advertising properly. Ignoring printer's ink and mangle purses don't put shekels in the treasury.—(Lexington News.)

Among the sales of stock made recently by Messrs. W. W. Baldwin & Co., were a pair of horses to a man in Pennsylvania for \$1,500; forty-four mules to E. Kendig, of the same State, for \$175 each, and forty-four mules to Morton, Thompson & Co., of New Orleans, for \$165 each.—(Maysville Bulletin.)

Mr. C. F. Symonds has leased the Lexington race track for six years. Now if he will set the time for holding the fall meetings some time in October when it will not conflict with neighboring fairs, and will advertise it thoroughly in all the papers of the bluegrass region, he will make it a success—otherwise, he will not.

Henry C. Marsh, of Nicholas, was married Sept. 4th, to Miss Nannie E. Sears, of Harrison county.

Mr. J. E. Whaley and Miss Lizzie Myers will be married at the Moorefield Church next Wednesday.

Richard O'Connor, of Mt. Sterling, and Miss Kate E. Stahl, of Lexington, were married last week in Covington.

Col. L. P. Tarleton, of Lexington, and Mrs. J. W. Hunt Reynolds, of Frankfort, were married yesterday at the home of her father in North Carolina.

Miss Mattie D. Jones, the accomplished daughter of Col. D. W. Jones, of Danville, was married last week to Mr. Robert W. Neal, a Chicago broker.

Miss Ettie Scott, daughter of Col. Robert Scott, of Locust Hill Farm, will be married at Ascension Church, Frankfort, next Tuesday morning, to Lieutenant D. D. Mitchell, of the United States Army.

John D. Logan and Miss Minta Sears from Nicholas county were married at the Thurston House yesterday by Dr. Ruthersford. J. T. Ockerman, Miss Sallie Bunton, J. C. Jones and Miss M. A. Logan attendants.

Thos. Berkley and Miss Sannie Sheritt, of Georgetown, acted attendants for Mr. Gale and Miss Poree, at their marriage, and when they arrived at Cincinnati on a tour, they got married themselves, and took a trip to St. Louis.

Jas. B. Lyng and Miss Bettie Roche, were married at the Catholic church, this city, Wednesday afternoon, with Father Barry officiating. The happy couple were followed to the depot by a hundred friends and well-wishers, and embarked on the 2:15 for a trip to Cincinnati.

W. H. H. JOHNSON, Prop'r. W. B. CONWAY, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season. RATES REASONABLE.

WM. KENNEY, M. D., PRACTITIONER OF

MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.

CHRIS. GROSCHE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

DEALER IN

Fruits, Cakes, Fancy Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

One door above the Thurston House.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Dr. H. B. DAVIS, formerly with Davis & Lyle, respectfully informs the public that he can be found one door above the post-office, where he has a new and complete stock of drugs—in fact, everything in the drug line as new, bright and shining as a silver dollar.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, from the purest drugs.

The purest and oldest remedies for medicinal purposes only, and the finest cigars and tobacco on the market, kept constantly on hand.

A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

S. B. EWALT, LIVERY SALE AND COMMISSION STABLE,

High Street, Paris, Kentucky.

Will break colts to best advantage. Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

GEO. W. DAVIS, DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Window Shades, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattresses, &c.,

Special Attention Given to Undertaking and Repairing.

Main Street, Paris, Ky.

KIMBROUGH, JAS. S. HUFF, KIMBROUGH & HUFF, Prop'rs.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms on first floor for commercial men. Baggage transferred to and from the depot free of charge.

T. V. HALL, ARCHITECT

MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

[formerly of Cincinnati.] MILLERSBURG, KY.

Designs, Drawings and Specifications including costs on all Architecture and Machinery, furnished accurately and promptly.

R. M. KENNEY, SURVEYOR,

Paris, Ky.

Will attend to all calls in his line, in Bourbon and surrounding counties, with promptness. Charges Reasonable.

H. E. BOSWELL & SON, Prop'rs.

Centrally located, on Short street, near the Post-office. Rates, \$2 per day.

ASHLAND HOUSE, LEXINGTON, KY.

Will pay cash for logs ten, twelve and and fourteen feet long. Must be straight and clear of bad defects, and not less than eighteen inches in diameter.

april-6m J. M. THOMAS.

HENRY DAUM, Fashionable Barber

Opp. Old Falmouth Hall, N. E. Pa. Ky.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

PURNELL HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

Rates, Two Dollars Per Day.

Nice Sample Rooms for Commercial men.

[Livery and Sale Stable Connected]

FIRE INSURANCE!

J. M. JONES, AGENT FOR

LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE WORLD!

Losses Promptly Paid.

Rates as Low as The Lowest.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE"

KY. CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

Is the shortest and quickest route to MISSOURI, KANSAS and TEXAS. Tickets to all points North, East and West.

Time Card in Effect July 29th, '82.

TRAINS SOUTH.

Lve Covington 6:00 am 3:00 pm

Lve Falmouth 6:30 am 3:30 pm

Lve Cynthiana 7:00 am 4:00 pm

Arr Paris 11:15 am 6:15 pm

Arr Winchester 12:30 pm 7:15 pm

Lve Winchester 12:25 pm 7:10 pm

Lve Richmond 1:40 pm 8:40 pm

Lve Lancaster 1:50 pm 8:50 pm

Arr Falmouth 2:00 pm 9:00 pm

TRAINS NORTH.

Lve Stanford June 4:45 am

Lve Lancaster 5:30 am

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

A BOTANICAL LESSON.

Mrs. Professor addresses her class:

"Now, mark well my lecture, each good lad and lass."

"You take this small seed and deposit it quite far down in the earth away from the light. One slight green shoot will presently show. That the germ has begun to bud, you know."

"Why does it bud?" "Because it draws new life from the earth, by natural laws."

"How does it draw new life, my dear?" "Well, that indeed—does not clearly appear; but watch it awhile, and you shall see."

"The small shoot grows to a young rose-tree."

"How does it grow?" "Ah! yes, the cells are filled with sap that steadily swells. These delicate tissues, and then behold the leaf and perfect flower unfold!"

"How does the sap get into the cells?" "So far the wise men have failed to tell."

"But oh, the wonder that gleams and glows in the sweet white miracle of the rose, whose every leaf has a velvet side. With the color of rubies, glorified."

"How is it colored?" "It takes its hues from the sun-rays. Yes, each rose can choose."

"The red of the gold ray, or hold them all; Each sweet-brier that garlands the gray old wall."

"Each violet flecking the earth with blue, Draws from one palette its own glad hue."

"But who carries her flush to the cheek of the rose?" "God only knows; Her blue to the violet?" "God only knows; And therefore wise people never will ask, But now I have finished my task, And you, my pupils, will readily see How the small seed changes to flower and tree."

"And now fully, clearly, science can show That the law of growth is—ahem—to grow." —Fannie R. Robinson, in *Youths' Companion*.

WOOLING BY PROXY.

A Pretty Love Story, Well Told.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujeu whom he loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's commonplace. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her, or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I regretted her she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses, until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Mme. de Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments' serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth-century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation," she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising, she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her, and moves away.

It is all he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Mme. de Miramon's slender, white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaujeu, the young sister of Mme. de Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks gayly. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he mutters, hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extracting him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment room is almost empty and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. Lucille."

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says gravely.

"You sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Mme. de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her, you love her even more—"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his, as he murmurs unsteadily, "God bless you!"

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiancée to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house, and only a Sous-Lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts, and she, poor girl, with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torment a proud, pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her with some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at the convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always," he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You love her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur, my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good!" continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant; then, rising, abruptly walks away.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—I—"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to," confesses it if you will make love to me."

"If you? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asked, softly.

"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I can not imagine how—"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her own heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaplain she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret."

"But, forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and know that your love is worthy of my sister that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Enfin, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic cling to her new-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and disarms her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh: "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you who have long ago ceased to regret him, and he is the best

part in Paris, and *tres bel homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Mme. de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lover's quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the peace she has resolved to possess? Thank God! she can at least promise herself that whatever she may suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.

There is the sound of wheels in the courtyard, and she rises with a hasty glance at her reflection in the mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open, and a servant announces: "M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

To her surprise he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust himself to touch calmly the hand he would have risked his life to kiss any time these ten years?

"You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is, of course, a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust, has changed me."

"It would be sad, indeed, if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—"

"May I enter, my sister?" asked the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared that she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns at once and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaplain bends over her lace work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten, and sees the tender glances she imagined she had ceased to regret, all given to her young sister in her unregarded presence. How is she to keep the peace she so prayed for if her future is to be haunted by this ghost from the past? She is very patient and used to suffering, but at length she can endure no longer, and not daring to leave the room, she moves away to a distant writing-table where she is at least beyond hearing.

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Mme. de Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince of schemers.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming jeune premier at the French capital, only when you do say anything very tender, do you remember to look at me instead of Jeanne?" And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs, too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaplain's writing.

A month has dragged by wretchedly enough, both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his role, if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which even in its serene indifference had become the one charm of life to him. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the courtyard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etoile," she said, anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Mme. de Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etoile, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly. "I should like to master a horse who has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says, with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block. "Jeanne!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm, the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes like a stag's at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers, putting his arm across the saddle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden blaze in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own. Then she springs from the block and comes close to him.

"I hate you!" she gasps, and turning, gathers up her habit in one hand runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the salon she faces him with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and like most of men being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked, imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—"

"You should have said, 'I love you,'" he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last—I who have loved you all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, my Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—fi done! When my day comes, 'Like Alexander, I will reign, And I will reign alone.'"

—Translated from the French for the Chicago Tribune.

Rich Dunces and Poor Scholars.

There is one thing worse than ignorance: It is to despise knowledge. Ignorance may be a misfortune, but the man who reviles the knowledge he does not possess shows an ignoble nature.

An article is going the rounds of the newspapers, entitled "Results of Education," the object of which is to show how much better it is to be a rich ignoramus than a poor scholar. The author selects cases to prove his point. A rich Cattle King, who had a year's schooling, and who still thinks William the Conqueror and William the Fourth were two millions of dollars, and has three clerks in his employment who were college graduates.

Another man, whose dotting parents scrimped and saved to send him to college, and who graduated with honors, is now forty years of age, and makes school-books for a rich publisher for fifteen dollars a week.

Imagine a long string of such examples, given to show that he who would thrive in this world must abandon his school, throw aside his books and go into the street to struggle for pennies! Every statement in this article may be true, and yet the article itself be a falsehood, for nothing lies with such force as truth. That is, truth perverted and misused, can be made to convey an impression completely erroneous.

Now there actually was a college graduate employed by a publisher of school-books at a salary something like that named above. That is true. But not the whole truth—for the reason why the man worked in an inferior position was not because he graduated from college, but because his habits were bad. He was an occasional drunkard. In his subordinate position he was safer and better off than he had ever been when working for himself.

Colleges do not teach young men how to buy cheap and to sell dear. Education is that which makes success worth having. It cannot impart the quality of mastery, which makes one man go forward and take the lead, and the want of which makes it far better for most men to follow.

In New York there are many of these wealthy, ignorant men, whom unfortunately our youth are advised to imitate. As a class, they are well known to be both ridiculous, restless and coarse in speech and habits. They do not know what to do with themselves or with their money, unless it be to go grinding on, adding to their preposterous burdens. Some of them try to conquer *ennui* and to place themselves above the position to which their lack of education assigns them, by building beautiful palaces, or by making art collections, of which they really appreciate nothing but the cost. Others parade their littleness in the harbors of the world, protected by a flag to which their lives have added no lustre.

One of the absurdest, nay, one of the most threatening and terrible spectacles of our imperfect civilization affords, is an ignorant, common, vulgar man, with millions of dollars at his command—millions which spoil him, corrupt his relations, and blast his children!—*Youths' Companion*.

A Postponed Funeral.

An old timer of Rochester, N. Y., giving recollections of cholera times to *The Democrat and Chronicle*, of that city, relates the following: "There was an old house down on the canal by Trowbridge street, near the present site of Moss' lumber-yard, which was a pretty tough rookery. It was inhabited by the very lowest Irish, and a large number of deaths occurred there. Among the inmates was one Mary Lynn, one of the most notorious characters of the day. One day Mary was found laid out, and everybody supposed that she was dead. A coffin was procured, and the remains put in and the lid screwed down, and the funeral procession, composed of a number of hack-loads of friends, started for the pinnace, where a grave had been duly prepared. I drove one of the hacks. It was a pretty lively funeral. Most of the party were measurably happy. There was an old shanty just by the cemetery, where liquors were sold, and as the coffin was being taken from the hearse, my passengers improved the opportunity to get another drink. Just as the coffin had been removed from the hearse, somebody stumbled, and the coffin fell to the ground, bursting open."

"That was unpleasant, certainly."

"It was, indeed; but imagine the sensation when Mary rose in the coffin and commenced swinging her arms, and in a moment came out, landing upon her feet. Her first ejaculation was: 'What are you doing?' She was a rough, powerful woman, and a great fighter in her day, and she made things howl there for a few moments."

"You must have had rather peculiar sensations for a moment."

"Yes, I did. At first I hardly knew what to think. For a moment I was dumfounded, but I soon recovered myself and comprehended the situation. Mary had been on a tear, and had become beastly drunk. Finding her down among the dying cholera-stricken, her friends thought, of course, that she, too, had passed in her clips, and that there was nothing left but to bury her. Yes, we postponed the funeral, and Mary Lynn continued to be notorious in the police annals for a number of years."

—Oscar Wilde says that short hair cannot go with knee breeches. No, it usually goes with striped trousers.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Fashion Notes.

Two apron overskirts—one long and square and caught up on the left side, the other full, short, rounded, and much looped over the hips—are seen upon the latest importations from Paris.

Quinling little low-necked, short-sleeved dresses for children are made of pink, blue, and strawberry sateen, surah, chambray, or linen, embroidered or plain, over plaited waists of white muslin or guimpes with sleeves.

New autumn chevrons, tweeds, serges, and basket cloths are mostly in plaids, in even or irregular patterns, and in quiet neutral tones of fawn color, nun's gray, pale golden brown, and the like, enlivened by stripes or dashes of scarlet and gold.

Among the most popular of watering-place dresses appear a variety of cretonnes and foulards with very light ground and designs, in the conventional floral style designated as the "Renaissance." Cream-color is the one exception to this temporary rule. In woollens it is used as a foundation for paysan bouquets, or for the more severe designs of flowers and fruit, such as are seen upon bits of Louis XIII. tapestry.

The number of mantles of thin brocade materials upon a transparent ground has notably increased of late. These materials are chiefly brocade silk gauze, with raised designs in silk, velvet, or of finest silk grenadine in raised patterns of satin. The mantles are in the shape of peleries, large fichus, or elegant pelisses. They are lined with gold, mauve, or scarlet surah, and the effect is exceedingly rich and stylish.

One of the prettiest and newest berthas for the summer is of tinted India silk mull, upon the border of which are applied natural-size flowers and foliage cut from a piece of velvet brocade. One in the Stuart shape is made of pale violet-tinted mull, upon which are applied large pansies of purple and gold velvet. Another, in delicate pink is bordered with dark rose-colored buds covered with velvet moss, and surrounded with dark-green velvet leaves.

For lawn-tennis suits, especially in vogue during September, round waists, or snug-fitting basques, with zouave jacket outside, will be very popular. With the round waist will be worn the charming little gypsy fichus of painted or stamped muslin in two colors of crimson and cream, almond and pale blue, or willow-green ground painted or stamped with blush roses. The fichu laps at the belt in front, and is crossed or knotted in the back. It is edged with lace, or with plaited frills of the muslin.

Dress skirts are growing decidedly fuller and wider, and this decided tendency to bouffant styles has, as history plainly reveals, been almost invariably the forerunner of crinoline, and crinoline we are to have unless scores of manufacturers, who have summoned their hitherto idle forces and begun the work anew of making hoop-skirts, have listened to a delusive rumor of their coming popularity. It is surprising as well as amusing to note the remarks of importers and modistes upon this subject, their opinions being as varied as the present weather.

English manufacturers have secured a novelty in black goods, the fabric being a fine wool made to closely resemble the best of crepe. It is firm, exceedingly durable and glossy, but without the elasticity of crepe. It is called crepe imperial, and is likely to find a large and lasting sale, as it has all the effect of crepe proper, without the disadvantage of that material, being quite impervious to dampness, and guaranteed to wear as long as cashmere or any other woollen fabric. It is appropriate either for trimming or an entire costume.

The variety of the season's dress materials is endless, and so, for the matter of that, is the variety of colors, only regarding colors there is a limit, for although there are more bewildering hues and tones in the shop windows than one could give a name to, only a portion of these are worn by people who pretend to dress well.

Grays at home and abroad are very fashionable—grays in all shades, French slate, electric, Quaker, and soft and beautiful nun's gray—all are worn. These colors appear in dresses of tulle, garnished with garlands of scarlet roses or poppies, and in silk, satin, and foulard, softened with trimmings of lace, either white or black.

The tailor-made dresses are to be more than ever the fashion the coming season. Ladies possessing good figures know that their perfect fit shows the form to the finest advantage, and those less favored by Nature are also aware that there is nothing like a slightly rough-surfaced fabric to give an increased look to the size of their slender arms and shoulders. Some of these suits are made up in the severest style, white others are remarkably jaunty and picturesque, with outaway jackets and crimson serge waistcoats in old Continental style, large pocket flaps adorned with bright buttons in old medal designs, and deep panelled skirts, over which are draped the smartest and nattiest of short tunics, piped with crimson.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Advice to Bathers.

The Royal Human Society, in its recently issued report, gives the following advice to swimmers and bathers: Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—W. F. Miller, a poor newsdealer of Paterson, N. J., by the death of relatives in New York, has fallen heir to an estate of \$350,000.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Mrs. Jane Swisshelm says: "The things we call pains are simply small packages of aches and pains, done up in velvet and lace, and topped out with ostrich plumes."

—Arthur W. Oliver, a young man belonging to one of the best families of Lynn, Mass., committed suicide recently with chloroform, because a young lady to whom he had been paying attention refused to marry him.—*Boston Post*.

—A girl sixteen years old went to a dentist in Troy, N. Y., recently, and insisted on being put under the influence of chloroform before he performed an operation on her teeth. He applied the drug, from the effects of which she died soon after.

—Martin Bennett, an old and respected resident of East New York, died of a broken heart the other night. On the corresponding day two years ago, his wife died suddenly at a picnic, and since that time his mind has not been right. He visited his wife's grave every morning, rain or shine, and gave up business entirely. He leaves over \$100,000.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—Josh Billings crossed the plains to the Rocky Mountains fifteen years before Fremont did. He is one of the last of the old line of humorists; vagrants he calls them, Artemus Ward, Henry Clapp, George Arnold, Orpheus C. Kerr and Doesticks. Henry W. Shaw and Shillaber, to wit—Josh Billings and Mrs. Partington—are about the only ones left.—*Detroit Post*.

—Captain William P. Joy, of New York, master of the American ship *St. Nicholas*, was presented with a handsome tea and coffee service of silver recently by Collector Robertson, at the New York Custom House. The silver was a gift from Queen Victoria, as a slight recognition of the heroism of Captain Joy in rescuing from death the Captain and crew of the British bark *Lenox*.—*N. Y. News*.

—A correspondent, who recently met Mr. and Mrs. Beecher on their travels, says of the latter that "she is not a vinegar cruet nor an acid bottle; neither is she thin, angular and sour. That's all a mistake. She is an aged, fleshy woman, with a kind and benevolent face, and carries her years with lightness. She appears in excellent health, and dresses as a sensible old lady should, comfortably and plainly."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—The Jersey State Prison, at Trenton, has a formidable list of notabilities among its tenants. Among them are Baldwin, ex-cashier of the Mechanics' National Bank, of Newark, which he quite thoroughly wrecked; President John Hallard, of the Mechanics' and Laborers' Bank of Jersey City; James A. Heddin, another cashier from Newark; Garrett S. Boyce, cashier from Jersey City; Henry Marchbank, ex-bank clerk from Newark; Frederick A. Palmer, ex-Newark Auditor; Lawrence Beach, a Jersey City book-keeper; Robert Cook, Assistant Secretary of a Jersey City savings bank, and Elijah Shaw, another Jersey City cashier.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—A very nice girl of Milwaukee was always excessively talkative. But when she was wed, she was mum as the dead.

And her husband declared she was balky.

A cruel old wretch in Chicago's jaw go. She got a divorce.

As a matter of course.

And showed him how far could the law go.

N. Y. Life.

—What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of mottled soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce wings, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.—*Chicago Journal*.

—"There are five persons in the car and only four fares in the box," said the car-driver, as he opened the door. "All the passengers looked up and at each other, and a man who sat reading a paper slowly turned to his wife and queried: 'Why, dear, didn't you pay your own fare when we got on? You are becoming very absent minded.'"

—Detroit Free Press.

—A Misunder

The Trout's Mental Capacity.

It is only during froshets, or when the waters are running, that the trout can leap a fall; then, taking the water at a point where the stream runs strong and steady, they back into quicker waters to gather impetus and make a dash at the fall. So long as the body of water covers them entirely, with all fins submerged, they can make progress, but let the force of the current turn them until one fin is exposed to the air, and down the fish goes to the foot of the falls. Stunned, strained and apparently bruised, it lays quiescent, but soon rallying its forces, it swims gently up to within a few inches of the downpouring flow, as if carefully surveying the stream of water, then backing gently under force of the current, it rests a few moments, and then quick as the eye can follow its movements, it cuts the water slightly at angle to its force, and just at the breast of the fall or dam it is seen (a mere glimpse) in the air. Flung itself forward and head downward it enters the upper water. Another second and out it comes again and again, as if in mere sportiveness. Soon it is away up stream. It is the sheerest folly to imagine that a trout can fling itself as much as five or six feet up a fall and gain the upper waters by this method. We cannot expect a trout to do something impossible. Comparison gives us correct judgment, and analogy steps in when we cannot judge from observation; if we reason from analogy we shall not go far astray.

The mental capacity of trout, when judged by their sense of sight, is fully developed. Good old Isaac Walton used to say that their sight was "keener than a hawk's." Now nature never intended him to be, because there is no necessity for it, for nature never blunders; nature always graduates the means to suit the end.

A hawk needs to see his prey in the grass or brush when hovering in the air a mile or so away, but a trout's sight is not so keen as it has been represented to be. It is true, if you come between him and the bare sky behind at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, he will see you instantly and cease rising, but increase the distance to seven or eight yards and he does not see you nearly so well, and if you stop probably he will not see you at all. It is a question in this case of the angle of refraction. The trout is, a trout can see you just as far as the angle of refraction enables him to see you and no farther, and this will, to an extent, be affected by the depth of water that he lies in.

But what induces one to doubt the sharpness of his sight is this: If you stand with your back to a tree or brush, so that you make no distinct shadow and do not otherwise attract attention, the trout cannot see you and you can raise him easily, almost under your rod tip, but if you move three yards away from the tree or brush you can not do so. Now we think this proves an eyesight much less keen than a hawk's. Nature meant the trout to get his living in the water and on the surface thereof and constructed his eyes accordingly. She did not in her scheme take into consideration the fact that there might be rod-fishers on the river banks and in another element who would be inimical to the trout and against whom it would be necessary to provide fish with special powers of vision. No doubt a fish can see his enemies in the water as a hawk can see his in the air, and no doubt anglers have educated trout to beware of them; but it is to an imperfect extent only, by reason of the difference of the elements and by reason of the angler not forming a factor in the scheme of creation.—*American Angler.*

The History of Lace.

In the use of lace as an adornment women have been more faithful to their early tastes than men, for up to the beginning of the present century it was as much worn by men as women. Henry III. covered himself with fine lace in gold, and the Valois used it profusely. Bossompierre, Cinq Mars, and other leaders of fashion at the court of Henry III, brought the extravagant use of lace to a climax. When gentlemen wore it as a decoration they adorned their gloves, falling collars, ruffs, and dresses with it in abundance. Some indeed wore a rosette of it on their gaiters, a bow of it on their high-top boots, and it was converted into fancy buckles for low shoes. It has from early date been used on covering of chalice altars, and decorated the priest's alms and the prelate's rochet. Mrs. Bury Palliser speaks of the high esteem in which the church held lace, and of celebrated painters furnishing designs for biblical pictures in which we see the mother, in anticipation of the return of the prodigal son, preparing for him a tippet trimmed with the richest point; the foolish virgins weeping with handkerchiefs bordered with it; the tablecloth of Dives, as well as the table-napkin used by his guest ornamented in the same manner.

Lace made for women's use formerly designated for each change of the season, for different hours of the day, and adapted to all ages. Under Louis XV. point d'Alencon and point d'Argentan, etiquette styled "winter laces," and even now ladies have little discernment who can not distinguish appropriate laces for morning or evening wear. Valenciennes, with its clear ground work, is particularly adapted to handsome morning toilets. Narrow edgings are for linen suitings, and tiorch for hose seaside costumes that in elegant material are the blue garb of the French peasant. Lace, properly considered, indicates by its transparent thick or smooth points, or those in relief, the difference between the frivolous and sedate, and suggests the appropriate-ness of such as should decorate promenade dresses, visiting costumes, or regatta or race toilets.

Great antiquity is claimed by many for the origin of lace. Yet an inconsistency is apparent, for if these eastern nations had manufactured lace for several centuries before it was known in Europe, why did they so strictly keep the secret? Then again, these people since the commencement of their history have carefully preserved their methods of dress, habits, and industrial arts. The first lace, which the earliest engraved patterns display was guipure, and came to us from Venice. There is but little reason for doubting that the

origin of lace is purely Italian. The Venetians used ornaments in high relief on their guipures, and adroitly did they study the effect of light and shade that shadows changed from dark to light at each movement of the weaver.

In Queen Charlotte's time the English had a piece of lace manufactured in point d'Angleterre, and presented it to her, which had for design the destruction of the invincible Armada by Elizabeth's fleet. It shows men-of-war bending before the wind, dolphins nearly as large as the ships, forts, groups of weapons, and flags reproduced with great fidelity. The point d'Alencon, made with a needle, is acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be the richest and most beautiful of all laces. Elegant and fine, made entirely of linen thread, it has raised figures for ornaments.

Long after hand-made laces had enjoyed a life of popularity, mechanism invaded the domain of lace-making. Tulle was the first lace so made. Many unsuccessful efforts were made which finally culminated, toward the end of the last century, in the bobbin loom. From this invention immense machines, moved by steam, weave upward of sixteen thousand meshes per minute, while a lace-maker, on an average can produce but five or six meshes in the same time. Those wearing expensive hand-made lace can scarcely realize the labor employed in its manufacture. In traveling through Flanders, Norway, or Auvergne, one often sees a ground floor filled with young girls, bending over their cushions, wielding innumerable bobbins around innumerable pins, twisting, crossing, interlacing them, making nearly 152,000 revolutions for a design of ten inches, amounting to twenty-seven movements in a minute.

Bossompierre says that the baptism of the royal children of France in 1606, when extravagance ran riot, cost him 7,000 crowns. The lace, which was manufactured for the occasion, was of exquisite texture, and had sewn on it fifty pounds weight of pearls. Gabriella D'Estrees in 1594 ordered a lace handkerchief made for her, the price being 950 crowns. Mary, of Medicis, made the Medicis supplant the French ruff after her arrival at the French capital. It was composed of lovely lace, and on account of its abrupt rise of twelve inches at the back of the neck had to be supported on wire.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Death to Mosquitoes and Flies.

"That's a queer order," remarked a Chestnut Street florist on Saturday afternoon to a *Record* reporter, at the same time handing him a dispatch, dated Atlantic City, August 4, which read as follows: "Send the two hundred castor-oil plants as soon as possible, at the price quoted in your letter of July 28. Sample, came O. K. and acted like a charm." To the telegram was attached the name of the proprietor of one of the largest hotels at Atlantic City.

"What does he want with castor-oil plants?" queried the scribe.

"Well," replied the florist, "they're not particularly pretty, but they're death on flies and mosquitoes, and he is going to use them to keep his hotel free from these pests."

The discovery that castor-oil plants possess the faculty of killing and keeping away flies, mosquitoes and other insects was recently made by a French scientist named Rafford, who noticed that certain rooms in his house, in which castor-oil plants were growing, were entirely free from these disagreeable insects, although other apartments were infested with them. He found lying near the plants great quantities of dead flies, and a large number of dead beetles were hanging to the under surface of the leaves, which caused him to investigate the matter, and the discovery was made that the plants gave out an essential oil or some tonic principle which possessed very powerful insecticide qualities.

In the greenhouse connected with the florist's establishment the reporter was shown several hundred of the plants, from a foot to eighteen inches in height, and a most careful examination of the plants failed to disclose the presence of a single fly.

"There is no doubt," said the florist, "that the idea of keeping out insects by this means will prove very popular. The plants are hardy and need but little care."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Chinese Foot.

The standard foot of the Imperial Board of Works at Peking is, according to the *North China Herald*, twelve and a half inches. A copper foot-measure, dated A. D. 81, is still preserved, and is nine and a half inches in length. The width is one inch. The small copper coins, commonly called cash, were made of such a size, sometimes, as just to cover an inch on the foot rule. In the course of two centuries it was found that the foot had increased half an inch, and a difference in the dimensions of musical instruments resulted. Want of harmony was the consequence, and accordingly, in A. D. 274, a new measure, exactly nine inches in length, was made the standard. Among the means employed for comparing the old and new foot are mentioned the gnomon of official sun-dials and the length of certain jade tubes used according to old regulations as to standards. One of these latter was so adjusted that an inch in breadth was equal to the breadth of ten millet seeds. A hundred millet seeds, or ten inches, was the foot. The Chinese foot is really based on the human hand, as is the European foot upon the foot. It strikes the Chinese as very incongruous when they hear that we measure cloth, wood-work, masonry, etc., which they regard as especially matters for the hand, by the foot. Of the jade tubes above mentioned there were twelve, and these formed the basis for the measurement of liquids and solids 4,000 years ago. They are mentioned in the oldest Chinese documents with the astrolabe, the cycle of sixty years, and several of the oldest constellations. It is likely that they will be found to be an importation from Babylon, and in that case the Chinese foot is based on a Babylonian measure of a span, and should be nine inches in length.

—It is proposed to include the entire county of Santa Barbara in the municipality of the same name, thereby making it the largest city in the world in point of territorial extent.

How the Colonel Paid His Hotel Bill.

Before Colonel W. became comfortably settled in life he had many ups and downs of fortune. Once he carried a number of slaves to New Orleans, and made a very successful sale. He undertook, however, to increase his supply of money by methods which involved more elements of chance than were connected with his regular business. It was an unlucky venture, and in a very short time he found himself with only money enough to pay his passage on a boat as far up the river as Natchez. Although he had not a dollar in his pocket, when he reached Natchez he put up at the best public-house. He wore a broadcloth suit and a silk hat, and sported a gold-headed cane with which he would not have parted for many times its value. He bore himself with an easy dignity, calculated to impress all who saw him with the belief that he was a capitalist with abundant resources, who might be induced to invest some thousands in the property of the town. A week had nearly passed, and he had not succeeded in putting enough money in his purse to pay his landlord. One Sunday afternoon, when he was seriously thinking of making a stealthy exit at night, he learned that the roughs and gamblers, who at that time formed a considerable part of the population of Natchez, had assembled on a public road not far from the town to witness some foot-races. He at once started thitherward, and reached the place just as an athletic and fierce-looking fellow, who was exulting over his victories, offered in a loud voice to bet fifty dollars that he could beat anybody on the ground in a race of one hundred yards. The Colonel remembered that he himself had been fleet of foot in his younger days, and, pressed by dire necessity, he resolved to try his luck on this occasion. So in the pause which followed the champion's challenge he stepped forward, and making a stately bow, said, quietly: "I will take your bet, sir." The bully looked at him a few moments in contemptuous surprise, and said: "Well put up your money."

With a courtly wave of the hand the Colonel replied, deprecatingly: "Their ill no need, sir, of that formalities between gentlemen. I am a gentleman, and I take you to be one. If I loathe the race I will pay you the fifty dollars; if you loathe it, I do not doubt that you will act with equal honor. The word of a gentleman is his bond."

The rough and desperate men present seemed to regard this as a very remarkable proposition, and for a time the challenger was nonplussed. He steadily and suspiciously eyed the polite and well-dressed stranger, and finally said, with significant emphasis: "All right, old boy; but if there's any flickerin' in this thing, you may know what to expect."

Without further parley the Colonel divested himself of coat, vest and hat, and, placing them with his cane upon the grass, stepped out upon the road, and put himself in position by the side of the champion. The spectators evinced the liveliest interest in the race, and ranged themselves along each side of the road. Bets were freely offered at enormous odds against the rash stranger, who certainly did not look a match for his stalwart competitor; but there were few of these bets taken. At a given signal the men darted off amidst the yells of the delighted crowd. For nearly the whole distance the two contestants, who seemed to be straining every nerve, kept side by side, but when within about twenty yards of the goal the Colonel, by dint of extraordinary effort, shot ahead, and won the race. He was now the hero of the hour, and as he walked back to the starting-point, exhausted and almost breathless, he was heartily cheered by the excited spectators. His opponent came up promptly and paid him the fifty dollars, and at the same time challenged him for another trial.

"No, thank you, sir," said the Colonel, as he pocketed the money; "I make it a rule never to run more than one race a day."

He then carefully put on his vest, coat and hat, placed his cane under his arm, made one of his profound bows, and with a pleasant "Good-afternoon, gentlemen," strutted complacently away. That evening he paid his bill at the hotel and took a boat for Nashville.

Colonel W. used to relate this incident with a relish, and when asked what he intended to do in case he lost the race, he would say: "Well, to tell you the truth, it with a desperate cat; but I made up my mind that if I didn't win, I would keep on running, and never look behind until I reached Tenetethree."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Chickadee.

He is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the Chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunate could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the

lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder; and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat-collar, he selected a comfortable roosting-place tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.—*Bradford Torrey, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A Switchman's Brave Act.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation in Beverly to-day is the brave act of Isaac Williams in averting a collision between two passenger trains at the Eastern Railroad station on Wednesday. It seems that the train to Portland came into Beverly depot a few moments late, and signals were set warning the Gloucester express, then due, but the engineer of the express did not notice them quite so soon as he would have had he not known that the road, by right, was his.

When he did see them he at once applied his air brakes and reversed his engine, but the suddenness of the act broke the connections of the air brake and they would not hold the train. The engine, with wheels reversed, was rushing onward, pushed by the train. Danger signals were shown to man the brakes, but nothing could stop the mad career of the train under such headway. Among those who saw the incoming train to its sure destruction was Ike Smith, as he is familiarly called by his friends, and he at once sprang to the switch to turn the train off its course, but to his horror he found the Portland train had run on to the switch. At once calling to the engineer to back off he stood by while men were calling him to get away or he would be killed. Well knowing it was his life or a hundred others, and perhaps both, he stood firm, and the instant the Portland engine was off the switch he gave it a turn just as the incoming engine struck it, the engines passing within a few inches of each other, and away went the express on to a side track. Smith is usually employed on a gravel train, has seen many narrow escapes, but never loses his head. This week he is employed to fill the place of Mason, who is on a vacation, and right well has he filled it. The express had on board a large number of the wealthy shore residents, who were perfectly well over Williams and his daring exploit. A large sum of money was at once made up for him on the train, and more is in store for him. He certainly deserves promotion. Williams, who is about twenty-eight years old, and a son of Joseph Williams, a bricklayer, living Rantoul street, is the hero of the day.—*Boston Traveller.*

Queer Accidents at Sea.

Perhaps the lingerer in the Captains' room will hear no more thrilling tale than the story of the ship Essex, of Nantucket, Captain George Pollard. One calm day in 1819 she lay in the Pacific, near the equator, with every boat out in pursuit, when suddenly a large whale rose a few yards from the ship, and, rushing at her with open jaws, struck her a blow that made every timber tremble. He then coursed away in his frenzy for two miles or more, but returned and struck her again with such force as to crush in her sides and sink her almost before the boats could be recalled. The crew of twenty men took to the open boats, well aware that the nearest land—the coast of Chili—was two thousand miles away. They were three months making the distance, and endured every horror to which humanity is subject—heat, tempest, thirst, hunger (even to the eating of human flesh), insanity and death, and but eight of the twenty lived to reach the land. This narrative recalls a train of reminiscences of singular accidents to ships at sea. In 1796, for instance, while the Harmony, one of Mr. Rotch's ships, from Dunkirk, was becalmed on the Brazil banks, a whale leaped squarely on her deck amidstships and crushed her level with the water, so that she sank in a few moments. In November, 1807, the ship Union, Captain Gardner, was struck in the Atlantic by a sperm whale, and sunk a few minutes after receiving the blow, her crew of twenty-three men taking to the boats and reaching the Azores in safety. But perhaps the strangest accident happened to Captain Folger, a famous whaling captain of the island. As his vessel lay at anchor one night, in one of the bays of Newfoundland, with only the dog-watch on deck, suddenly she was felt to be hurrying to sea at much more than her usual speed. The frightened watch called lustily for help, but before the Captain could reach the deck the vessel was out of the harbor and going swiftly into the darkness. Concluding that a whale was foul of the anchor, he shouted to cut the cable, and this being done, the vessel soon lost headway and was got safely back to port.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Cat's Sagacity.

One night last week a kitten was chased by dogs, and took refuge in a tree on Park Street. There she clung in the crotch of two of the top most limbs. She did not dare to move, and remained all night in her uncomfortable position, shivering and wet through by the heavy showers. In the morning the kitten's mother, a sage old cat, saw her offspring's situation, and tried to call her down, but the kitten wouldn't move. Finally the old cat mounted a post in full view of the kitten, and calling it's attention, backed down the post several times to show the kitten how the thing was done. Finally the kitten plucked up courage, and, following the mother's example, descended the tree backward.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while he was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.—*Exchange.*

Opium Cigars.

There are few persons, outside of those in police circles and dealers in articles consumed by opium users, that are aware how widespread is the use of this noxious drug in San Francisco. Druggists can tell of the numerous calls for it in liquid and powdered form, and the police have only a partial knowledge of the number of places where opium smoking is surreptitiously carried on. Cigarettes impregnated with the fumes of the drug have long been sold, and in this way the habit of opium smoking has often been unconsciously acquired. If the several forms mentioned in which the drug is made to supply the demand were not enough, another and more insinuating, at the same time as innocent in appearance as any, has been introduced. Probably some of the readers of this item have recently seen small, elegantly made boxes, an inch or an inch and a half wide by two inches long, filled with the tiniest of cigars—tiny cigars, they look like—much better made than the larger article. If curiosity had prompted an examination, these little cigars would have been found to have been made of the best tobacco and fragrantly scented. These small samples of the cigar maker's craft are the new form in which the appetite of opium smoking is indulged in a more open manner than it can be usually followed by the devotees of the pernicious habit. Opium is too costly to be mixed with the tobacco of these small cigars, and it is a question if it is not in a more poisonous shape than when used in the way of a liquid, such as laudanum, or a powder, or in the usual pasty form. The tobacco—and good tobacco is used—is put in a bracer and held over burning opium, the weed is thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of the drug, and it is a question if it is not stronger thus smoked than when inhaled direct from the paste. Those who know the terrible effects of drinking anything from a glass "smoked" with tobacco smoke can probably appreciate the strength of these innocent looking small cigars when saturated with the fumes of opium. These cigars are not sold by tobacconists, and are difficult to get, even by those who use them. They are sold on the quiet, so it is said, by Chinamen who are strictly "no sabee" to any one they are not certain of. Two samples were shown the writer, one an inch long and over an eighth of an inch in diameter, the other nearly half an inch longer and proportionately thicker, both kinds well made. A small mouth-piece, similar to a cigarette holder, accompanied the box, which contained fifteen cigars.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Woman's Pluck.

The Beaver Savings-Bank at Beaver, a few miles below Pittsburgh, suspended yesterday. It was a personal liability concern, with a capital of only \$15,000. It was owned and managed by J. C. McCreery, who is abundantly able to meet the liabilities, which are not large. In connection with the failure the following story is told. Its truthfulness is vouched for by several responsible gentlemen of Beaver: Some time ago an Englishman named Ubalto removed from Boston and settled in Beaver, his occupation being photography. He prospered, and when he died a year or so ago he left a nice little property to his wife and son. Some time ago Mrs. Ubalto, who is an Englishwoman about 60 years of age, sold some of her property and deposited \$700 with the Beaver Savings Bank. Thursday morning Mrs. Ubalto heard some rumors to the effect that the bank was not solvent, and would probably suspend in a day or two. She is a very energetic woman, and has a pretty fair knowledge of business affairs, and she determined to act promptly. Accordingly she went at once to the bank, where she found Mr. McCreery. She was accompanied by her son, who is twenty-one years of age, and they made a demand for the money. Mr. McCreery said that the bank had failed, and that the failure would be announced the next day. Owing to this he told her that he could not pay her the money, but said that she must take her chances with the other creditors and get the same proportion that they did. This excited Mrs. Ubalto very much, and she, turning to her son, told him to go to the house and get a pistol. She gave him instructions in such a low tone that Mr. McCreery did not hear what she said, and did not suspect anything until the young man returned with a deringer, which he handed to his mother. She promptly cocked it, and pointing it at Mr. McCreery she reiterated her demand for the money, saying that she would shoot him if he did not comply. Mr. McCreery tried to appease Mrs. Ubalto, but she would not listen to him, and her son intimated that he was fully prepared to back up his mother's claims. The result was that Mr. McCreery went to the safe where he kept his greenbacks, counted out the \$700, and gave it to the widow. She received it without a word, and handed it and the pistol to her son, and then in true feminine fashion she fainted away on the bank floor. Every effort was made to keep the affair quiet, but it leaked out to-day.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Special Chicago Tribune.*

The Browns Ahead.

She was complaining about the Browns. She said that Mrs. Brown was shoddy, vulgar and illiterate, and the young women were silly, impudent, and putting on altogether too many airs. "They should be crushed," said Mrs. Fogg.

"Indeed they should," added Mrs. Seruggs.

"And we will crush them," continued the first. "Brown is in the pickle trade."

"Aha!" from two voices.

"We three will form a syndicate to purchase all the cucumbers in the country."

"We will!" in chorus.

"We'll force up prices, bust Brown, and crowd his family back where it belongs."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

"And we will—hold on! Alas! we are undone. Come to think of it, Brown doesn't use the real cucumber in his trade, but has 'em made to order out of gutta-percha. Ladies, we can not compete with machinery. Let us besatiate with snubbing the Browns."—*Wall Street News.*

High Prices and Pure Bred Stock.

There seems to be a disposition among agricultural writers to ridicule high bred stock because they sometimes command high prices. One will remark on the price that butter must bring to make a cow worth \$1,000 or upwards. Or another at the great expense of beef in a Duchess that brings \$10,000. That a high bred animal to be high priced also must have characteristics that have value of themselves over and above the breeding of the animal is now being generally demanded, and breeding for pedigree simply with no reference to individual quality, is being generally discarded.

No one will deny that a good animal is better than a poor one, and one that has been bred from ancestors of known purity of blood, no matter what the breed if they have desirable qualities, if their character is so well established that they will transmit their qualities with almost exact certainty they will be almost valuable, at least as long as there is common stock to improve. If "Widow Brown's old muley cow" is a good cow and will breed without failure calves that partake of her characteristics, she will be worth as much as any muley, imported or not, that has the same qualities and reproduces them. In that case she must soon have a herd book or the evidence of purity of blood cannot be reliably shown.

If there are instances of individual animals among the common herds that are as good as the pure breeds; if they have as fine form and give as great weight at the same age on the same food, or as much milk, or butter, or cheese, and they are bred so as to conform invariably to this standard, there will soon be a breed and they will bring high prices. If they will not do this there is no certainty of the produce being extraordinary and therefore the animal is worth no more than what she can produce of herself will warrant. The pure breed has value in her progeny which increases in geometrical ratio. We have just noticed a sale of 21 short horns the produce of two cows purchased five years since for \$2,500, the aggregate for the 21 being \$16,600 dollars, evidently a good investment.

It will not do to say that one of equal performance is as valuable as another. Things are worth what they will bring as a rule. Our stock men are not so void of intelligence as not to know what will prove a good investment, and never does the stock of the country improve so fast as when there is an active interest in pure bred stock. And just as soon as there is a demand the price for the best will increase. There may be occasions of speculative inflation, but only such as are incident to commercial operations. It has been seventy-five years since a Shorthorn brought \$5,000, and there has been no time since when the best of that breed would not bring thousands, nor has any skillful attendant judiciously followed in breeding this stock been a financial failure. And this is true of many other kinds of stock. This does not mean that every one could succeed no more than that every man would succeed as a merchant or lawyer or in any trade or profession.

Secondly, it is not difficult to prove that a choice animal true to breed has in itself a large market value. Figures will show and practice will confirm that a well-bred sire may be worth one or ten thousand dollars for use on common stock, and so long as there is a demand for good the best will bring high prices. We would not encourage speculation in stock by farmers nor extravagant prices for inferior stock, but no one who has the skill to breed and takes proper care of them will fail with good stock at good prices.—*Cor. Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Treatment of Consumption.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal has published a series of papers on consumption in New England, written by Dr. Hurd, of Newburyport. The following are some of its leading points: Consumption can be cured in its first stages, i. e., before ulceration has much progressed. Such cures have been due mainly to avoidance of the causes—lack of nourishing food, confined air, etc.

Hereditary consumption, and that which has resulted from debilitating habits in the parents, are the least curable. Our spring months—from their excessive moisture—are the worst in the year for all lung complaints.

Various localities are recommended as health resorts, but those are best which enable the patient to spend the most time in the open air and assure him a good appetite for an abundance of nourishing food. Such conditions are found in the bracing air of elevated regions. But as these regions are cold a patient should not be sent there who has not a fair amount of physical resistance, nor those who are beyond the first stage of the disease. For these mild climates are preferable.

It is, however, very seldom that it does any good to send from home one in whom the disease is fixed. For persons of limited means the most that can be advised is to remove from the city to the country, or to change from indoor to out-door occupations.

"When patients have vigorous appetites and gain in flesh and strength, the most favorable conditions are secured. A vigorous appetite and digestion is worth more than are all the expectorants and antiseptics and germicides in the world. Acting on this principle, the most skillful physicians avoid cough medicines and especially opiates."

Dr. Hurd advises plenty of meat, raw or cooked; eggs; milk, the more the better; oysters, with bread and other farinaceous foods and fruits; cod liver oil, when the stomach will bear it; cream; some of the malt extracts, etc., to keep digestion at a high mark.

He further insists on the necessity of suitable exercise, hopefulness, the avoidance of debilitating passions, friction of the surface and sponging the body.

—Martin Van Buren used to take part in the quadrilles and minuets at Saratoga, and Judges, Senators, and other dignitaries were regularly seen upon the dancing floor. Nowadays only very young folks dance there.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is said that either lime or ashes sprinkled over each load of oats when it is put away in the barn will keep the rats away.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
BRUCE CHAMP, EDITOR
BOURBON NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One year in advance, - - - \$2.00
Six months in advance, - - - 1.00
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT,
that uncrowned King of every Democratic heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hughes—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

A small army of orators from other States will soon move on Ohio.

It is expected that Hoadley will be able to take the stump in Ohio next week.

How would Phil Thompson and Frank James do for a Presidential ticket? We venture the assertion that they could carry Kentucky and Missouri, at least.

The Cincinnati News-Journal is very bitter against the ticket it is supporting, and denounces in the most vigorous manner the men it's trying to help along.

SENATOR WILLIAMS declined to act as judge in a baby show at the Bardstow fair. The Senator was right; he didn't want to lose the vote of Nelson county.

"GATH" says "Mrs Hendricks walks the Governor to the Spring with one hand on his arm as if she feared he might break an run down some lane that didn't lead to the White House."

We learn from the New York Times that a complete Republican ticket is already proposed for 1884. Gen. Arthur is to be the candidate for President and Gen. A. Logan, of Illinois, for Vice President.

The South needs immigration; and it is gratifying to observe that nearly all of the Gulf States are advertising their advantages throughout the North and East and in Europe. The money expended for this purpose is well invested.

WM. REIMP, of Cherryville, Penn., while examining a revolver pointed it at his wife to scare her. The pistol went off and the woman was fatally shot. Andrew Williams went through the same performance at Scranton, Penn., and killed his sister.

CRAFT, the condemned Ashland assassin, drops into classical quotations and justice to be done though the heavens fall. Mr. Craft should consider that "to die is but to live to live again," and what this world loses heaven will gain. The sweet, sweet futurity should now be his only hope.

The receipts of the Land Office at Frankfort amount to a little over \$1,000 a year and the salaries of the officials amounts to about \$4,000. The office ought to be abolished by the next Legislature. There is no use in keeping alive an office that is not self-sustaining.

Just before Governor Blackburn's departure from Frankfort he visited the Executive to say good-bye to the State officials, and they took this occasion to present him with a handsome gold-headed cane as a memento of the happy relationship that had existed between them for four years.

DARWIN died too soon. Prof. Gherke, of William's College, has discovered that the Polar bear is the ancestor of the English, German, Russian and Scandinavian races, and of the American Indians. It is a pity that the English naturalist passed away without knowing where his hugging propensities came from.

THE Democracy in Cincinnati doesn't appear to be as conciliatory as a faithful few at a Methodist camp-meeting. To the mind of a man up a tree over here in Kentucky they need a train load of water-melons and at least two good circuses to bring about a real heavenly reconciliation—whisky alone will never do the work, it seems.

At Cincinnati the Mississippi Editorial Association was introduced on 'Change yesterday, where Rev. Mr. Galloway made a brief address, in which he said his State was formerly distinguished for statesmen, who unfortunately spent too much time in elaborating the theory of government. Now they were cultivating that practical statesmanship, which gives attention to the development of the material resources of the State.

HON. JOE BLACKBURN said to the News: "So far as a man's usefulness to himself and friends is concerned, he ought to be put to death by some quiet and painless process at the age of fifty years." "But," said the News, "wouldn't that about shut you out now?" "It would only give me five years more to go on," said he—"I think that a man's usefulness had just as well be all compressed within a space of twenty years, as to be sparsely scattered through a space of fifty years."

MILLERSBURG.

"I've got a gold mine, I have,"
Aunt Sukey Amos is about to die.

Dr. Stitt has been quite ill for several days.

Miss Effie Smith is visiting Miss Malissa Rosser, at Maysville.

Prof. W. D. McClintock has returned from his labors at Chattanooga.

Patten, our telegraph operator, will punish hash at Paris in future.

Charlie Clarke has bought several fine crops of new tobacco, at good prices.

Alex. McClintock has gone East, and John Smedley has returned from there.

Sam Martin recently had about forty panel of fence burnt up by the railroad.

John McNamara has been very ill with disease of the kidneys, but is getting better now.

The Carrie Stanley troupe played "Divorce" last night for the benefit of the town.

An unknown butcher-knife cruelly carved the English Kitchen oyster sign last night.

Duke Jones has a petcock which he calls "Yank," and Hummer Vincent calls his "Paddy."

The public school opened Monday, with 55 scholars, and 10 more are looked for next week.

Miss Lula Rogers, of Sharpsburg, was the guest of Miss Ida Collier during the Bourbon Fair.

Ernst Klunker, late barber at this place is reported to have struck a streak of luck in mining stocks.

The Carrie Stanley knock down and Drag-me-out Troupe was so darned poor that it was real good.

A. McClintock & Son have announced Oct. 10th and 11th for their great sale of 125 Jerseys at Lexington.

Miss Anna McIntyre has accepted a school at Nepton. Miss Adah Jameson is teaching Mason county.

The putting up of the new iron fence around the square is generally pronounced a bad job, and is harshly criticised by strangers.

Mrs. A. McClintock, Mrs. Mary J. McClintock, Mrs. Patton, Jno. A. Miller and wife and Miss E. Jones, are attending the Louisville Exposition.

J. T. Outen and Chas. T. McClintock left yesterday Johns Hopkins' University, Baltimore, and Prof. D. W. McClintock for Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

Among the light reading at Roden's news' stand, can be had Butterfield Ned, Moccasin Joe, Neck-tie Ned, or the Lariat-Thrower, and the Bride of Perry, and Cock-eyed Snee, the Kitchen Carver.

One of the female of the Stanley troupe walked off on her ear Monday, and the treasurer too, with the funds of the company. It is supposed that they'll "viddat" before reaching Carlisle.

Joe Carter, the popular barber who has been helping Henry Dunn, in Paris, has made arrangements to open up a shop at Dr. Smith's corner, Monday morning. Joe has lots of friends here, and will do well.

The following ladies have gone away to college: Miss Ida Victor, to Harrodsburg; Miss Orrie Barton and Mrs. Tommie Turner, to North Middletown; Miss Mattie Piper and Mary Allen to Georgetown.

The mail agent on the down train pretends not to have time to put four large packages of the Bourbon News off at this place, but takes them on to Maysville, and returns them next morning. Same way with the rest of the papers and letters. We're getting awful tired of this.

"B'RRER WOLFE."

[From another Correspondent.]

Millersburg (War) Department.

Col. Bug Oliver is in Lexington again.

Camp-meeting anecdotes are growing stale.

A real live marshal would be a curiosity hereabouts.

The two colleges opened Wednesday with a full attendance.

What could those two females have wanted at the Male College Wednesday night?

The Baptists are waiting for their new church before they proceed with that reverential trial.

A large and influential fire will be the result of those small flames kindled by boys along the street.

The dudes, so kindly noticed in last issue, look awful sour, and swear they will wear plug hats and eye-glasses every day. Two to one they don't.

A Pleasant street lady has applied for the Post-office at this place. When the urbane and efficient R. B. Boulton steps down and out, let it be to make room for another man.

Joe "Bally" Patten has resigned his position as station agent, and will hold forth in Paris. Mr. Somebody, from Somewhere else, will take Joe's place. This is a here-he-comes-and-yonder-he-goes of it.

Will Cargyle, the bullet marked officer, has removed either to Texas, Missouri, Alabama, or Lexington, Ky. The Lexington detectives who were working to discover "Will's" would-be assassin, should know this. Something else they ought to know is, a woman did that shooting. So says one who has "worked up the case" quietly and with no flourish of trumpets. Detectives do not always detect; but occasionally a quiet good natured citizen does.

Mr. Driswood, the big black mousted villain of Carrie Stanley's Combination, took French leave of the troupe Tuesday afternoon, bearing with him the receipts of three nights performances. Carrie and her combination were left moneyless and were forced to "tip up" Wednesday evening in order to get funds for traveling expenses. It is due villain Driswood to state that he did not take much money with him, as Carrie and her Combination did not receive a very warm reception at the hands of the Burgers. Miss Stanley has the poorest shape of any woman on the American stage, and not even the bald heads attend.

"B'RRER B'ARR."

AROUND THE CIRCLE.

The hickory nut crop is larger this year than for a number of years before.

A cow in Logan county is the mother of four calves born in twelve months.

The itch is the torment of the Burksville neighborhood, in Logan county.

Cattle are still dying in Spencer county with what is supposed to be Texas fever.

A squash vine forty-four and a half feet long flourishes in a garden in Russellville.

H. C. Rice, hardware merchant of Richmond, has assigned for the benefit of his creditors.

Scarlet fever and whooping cough are now raging in the neighborhood of Olympia, Bath county.

Seventeen Shares of the Clark County National Bank stock sold recently at \$195 per share—par value \$100.

"Three-story bangs" is the latest style of wearing the hair in vogue among the young ladies of Maysville.

Several deer have been seen in the Bear-swallow neighborhood, in Hart county, in the last two weeks.

A car load of chickens, ducks and geese were shipped from Olympia, to New York last week, over the C. & O.

Mrs. J. W. Martin, died of congestion of the brain, and Miss Mary M. Allen of paralysis, at Winchester, last week.

One thousand bushels of corn were sold recently in Washington county at thirty cents per bushel shucked in the field.

The hemp in Woodford county is said to be of good length and excellent fibre, notwithstanding the dry and cool summer.

There are three preachers in the Henderson county jail—one charged with adultery, one with burglary and one with grand larceny.

A cow in Simpson county, seven years old, is the mother of eight living calves. She had twins three times, and the other two one at a time.

The Legislature has recently passed a special act for the benefit of Central University, which prohibits merchants and others, under severe penalties, from crediting students. [Richmond Herald.]

Dr. A. G. Browning, of Maysville, has two small pieces of carpet, which are valuable relics. One was taken from the library floor of the first Napoleon and the other from the drawing room of the Empress Josephine.

The following are some of the queer names for the creeks in Breathitt county: Troublesome, Cut Chin, Upper Devil Hdl for Sarten, Stufflebeau, Squabbles, Honey Run, Beef Hide, Peeled Oak, Lower Devil, Rolling Bettie's Fork, Monkey Run, Stuff Bazzard, Possum Hollow and The Devil Before Day.

A fatal form of flux is prevailing near Greensburg, in Southern Kentucky. In the last two weeks sixteen cases have occurred, and of that number twelve have died. The doctors seem powerless to control the disease when it once starts. It begins with severe vomiting and purging, and the patients die in from two to four days.

The Covington Commonwealth says "I seem quite certain Governor Knott has no inclination to concede the D nomination who opposed his nomination. All of his appointments so far are of personal friends who worked earnestly to secure his election." The Commonwealth perhaps wanted Col. Jones to be made Secretary of State.

Born of the old tickets were in New York last week. Hendricks visited Tilden and English visited Hancock.

STOCK SCALES WANTED!

I want to buy some stock scales—must be as good as new. JAS. M. THOMAS, 41-sep4 Paris, Ky.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Land, Stock, Utensils, &c.

HAVING rented my farm at Stony Point, I will sell at public sale, on

WEDNESDAY, October 3d, '83,

my stock, crop, utensils, &c., consisting as follows: 4 work horses; 1 pair No. 1 work mules; 1 Bourbon Wilkes stud colt; 1 two-year-old work mule; 6 cows with calves; 3 yearling steers; 35 shoats; 8 brood sows; 3 yearling boars of the Chesire breed; 260 Cots-wold and Southdown breeding ewes, bred to Southdown bucks; 12 Southdown ewes; 2 Southdown buck lambs; 2 two-horse wagons; 2 hay racks; 1 new corn planter and chisel; 2 W. Woodbine binders; 2 corn-shellers; 1 buggy and spring wagon; 45 stands of Italian bees; barrows, plows, &c. 1-sep-td J. T. QUISENBERRY.

SCHOLARS WANTED

—IN—

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

MRS. MILLIE N. LONG, Paris, Ky., respectfully solicits orders for Crayon Portraits, which she is now making a specialty of, and is rendering entire satisfaction. Also, will teach a limited number of scholars in Crayon and Oil Painting, and in Music. Residence on Main Cross street, near Freight depot. 1-sep-1m

Valuable Small Farm

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

HAVING moved to Texas two years ago and have determined to close out all of my interests in this State, I will sell at public sale, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26th, '83,

my farm of

80 ACRES OF LAND,

near Centerville, Bourbon county. The land is in a high state of cultivation, two-thirds of it being malden sod land. The farm is well watered, has a comfortable residence, a fine barn and other necessary improvements. There is also a good orchard and many other desirable features for a small farm. It is immediately on the Hill pike, running from the Georgetown to the Leesburg pike.

Sale positive, and terms given on day of sale.

For further particulars, address

J. T. HILL, Centerville, Ky.

—TIMOTHY SEED!—

Ho me-raised Timothy, free of all foreign seed, at

O. A. GILMAN'S

MAYSVILLE FAIR.

For its Third Annual Exhibition,
Offers the most liberal premiums in all Departments, and has the most attractive Programme ever presented.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

September 18 to 22, '83.

A Magnificent Amphitheater!

Splendid Stables for Stock!

Trotting and Running Races!

Bicycle and Foot Races!

Slowest Mule and Sack Races!

\$25 each for the best samples of Wheat and Tobacco!

\$200 for the Handsomest Baby!

Magnificent Amphitheater, Splendid Stables for Stock, Plenty of Pure, Fresh Water, and the

BEST MILE TRACK IN THE UNITED STATES.

J. D. KEHOE, Secretary. JOHN W. WATSON, President.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

LAND, STOCK & CROP.

As Administrator of Mrs. Martha A. Penn, we will sell on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27TH, 1883.

the farm consisting of 120 acres, situated on Millersburg and Cane Ridge pike, 2 1/2 miles from Millersburg and 6 miles from Paris, adjoining lands of J. B. Sandusky, Jos. McClelland and Robt. Tarr. Said farm in a state of cultivation, 30 acres just cleared, 2 acres in wheat and balance in bluegrass and clover. Farm has new cottage of six rooms, all outbuildings new, consisting of two barns, good cistern, &c. Also young orchard of 120 selected fruit trees. The stock, crop, &c., consists of 2 No. 1 milch cows and calves, 1 mule colt, two yearling steers, 1 station-standard Bearer—1 broke mare, 1 bay mare, 2 No. 1 family and saddle and harness horses, 4 No. 1 saddle horses, 2 good buggies and harness, 1 yoke oxen, 7 fat hogs, 30 Cots-wold ewes, 6 yearling heifers, 300 or 400 bushelf oats, 100 bushels wheat, 30 acres corn, reaper and mower combined; 1 rick of hay, 1 2-horse wagon, farming implements, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. Terms reasonable, and made known day of sale.

JOHN TARR, J. W. HUTSELL, Administrators.

PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, - - MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds, S Moulding, Brackets, Finish Timber and Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the erection of houses.

Orders for lumber or mill-work may be sent per telephone from Overby & Co.'s office on Bank Row.

J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

POOR-HOUSE KEEPER

WANTED!

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be received by the undersigned Committee up till the 15th day of October, 1883, for keeper of the Bourbon County Poor-House for the year beginning March 1, 1884 and ending March 1, 1885. All bids will be sent to the committee in care of Judge Turney, at Paris, Ky., and must be accompanied by satisfactory reference as to character and fitness.

JAMES N. STONE, J. M. BARLOW, } Com. N. A. JAMESON, }

HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE to Texas, I will offer at private sale, the **BOURBON HOUSE**, the principal hotel property of Paris. The house is large, roomy and located in the old and business portion of the city, and has a fine paying trade. Will sell the house and fixtures at a bargain. For full particulars, call on address HENRY TURNEY, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE

PRIVATELY.

AS AGENT FOR THE WILMOT heirs, I will offer for sale privately, the farm of 165 acres, situated near Hutchison Station, half way between Paris and Lexington, on the K. C. Railroad, with the branch of the Bethlehem and Hope-well Turnpike running in front of the door. About 60 acres are under cultivation, and balance in grass. Good brick residence in good repair. Good water, orchard, ice-house, barns and all necessary outbuildings. This farm is a very valuable one—perhaps as good land as there is in the county or bluegrass region, and is a rare chance for purchasers desiring a small farm.

Call on or address me at Paris, Ky.

J. SMITH KENNEY, Agt.

Paris Omnibus Line.

Two first-class busses will connect with all passenger trains at the Paris depot. fare, 25 cents to the hotels or any part of the city or suburbs. Trunks, 15 cents extra. No charge for valises.

L. F. MANN, Prop'r.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME---yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of **BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS**

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the country. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Stove and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

WILLS' WORLD WORM CANDY,

The most delightful worm remedy on the market. Old reliable medicine put in nicely flavored sticks of candy, that children take with pleasure. Sold by all drug and country stores. Ask for it and save it a trial. Warranted pure.

JAMES K. DAVIS. GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.)

Are now daily receiving importations of a very elegant line of Fall Cassimeres, Dude Cloths, Cheviots, &c., all of which are of the newest and nobbiest styles.

Having never made a misfit in all of our past Spring and Summer trade, we need not fear guaranteeing entire satisfaction on that score.

Call and see us; we'll not only suit exactly in an outfit, but we'll save you money.

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.,

THE CLOTHIERS.

LARGEST STOCK!

LOWEST PRICES!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Hats, Furnishing Goods and Trunks a Specialty.